Bombay Gazette.

Wednesday, December 24, 1817.

Volume 28.) *(Number 1438.*

Proclamation.

Bombay to wit. BY Virtue of a Precept to me directed, I hereby proclaim and give notice, that a Session of Oyer and Terminer and General Goal Delivery will be holden before SIR ALEXANDER ANSTRUTHER, KNIGHT, Recorder and his Associates, Judges of the Honorable the Court of the Recorder of Bombay, at the Court House in Bombay, on Wednesday the seventh day of January next, at Eleven o'Clock, in the forenoon, for the Trial of all Treasons, Misprisions, Felonies, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, had, done, or committed within the Town and Island of Bombay, and the Limits thereof, and the Places & Factories subordinate thereto, and dependent thereon; and also to enquire, hear and determine in like manner all Treasons, Murders, Felonies, Forgeries, Perjuries, Crimes, Extortions, Misdemeanors, Trespasses, Wrongs and Oppressions had, done, and committed, by any of his Majesty's British subjects, in any of the Territories which now are subject to, or dependent upon the said Government of Bombay, or within any of the Dominions of the native Princes of India in alliance with the said Government.

And also, that at the same time and place, will be holden a Session of Admiralty for the Trial of all Treasons, Murders, Piracies, Robberies Trespasses, Misdemeanors, and other crimes and offences, had, done, perpetrated, or committed on the High Seas.

And I hereby require and enjoin all persons bound to prosecute and give evidence at the above Sessions, or in any way concerned therein, to attend at the time and place, above mentioned, and not to depart without leave of the Court. —Dated this 24th day of December, 1817.

G. W. MIGNAN,
SHERIFF.

Advertisement.

TO-MORROW, Thursday the 25th instant, being CHRISTMAS-DAY, there will be a collection at the Church (immediately after the Sermon) in aid of the Church Charitable Fund, for the relief of European and other poor.

ST. THOMAS's CHURCH,
Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

LOST.

ON Tuesday morning, a black and white streaked young Europe CAT, white under the throat, with a light yellow belly.—Any person, or persons finding the same, and sending it to Lieutenant JAMES ARTHUR, of the H. C. Marine, shall receive fifteen Rupees reward.

Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

A Consignment

OF A FEW
QUARTER CASKS
of
MALMSEY,
FROM THE FIRM OF
MESSRS. SCOTT, LOUGHNAN, PENFOLD AND CO.
Of Madeira,
HAVING BEEN RECEIVED PER THE SHIP
ALBINIA,
BY
MESSRS. JOHN LECKIE AND CO.
The same may be had
AT THEIR
GODOWNS
Rupees 250 per Quarter Casks.
Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT Captain TARBUTT will receive TENDERS, on or before 27th instant, at FRAMJEE JEE'S Office, for Bills on STANIFORTH and Owners of the Ship *Apollo*, inders to express the sights d the rates of exchange.

Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

Advertisement.

Eduljee Cursetjee

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
ON MONDAY THE 29TH INSTANT,

TWO Pipes of LONDON PARTICULAR MADEIRA WINE, upwards of four years in the country, belonging to the Estate of the late DAVID CHARLES RAMSAY, Esq. —also a Palanquin, &c.

Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

Eduljee Cursetjee

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
ON WEDNESDAY THE 31ST INST.

AN upper roomed House with a Garden and Compound, situated in the new Road, leading from Byculla Road to Guirgong. Some Furniture belonging to the House will be sold at the same time.

Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

Freight

FOR
CEYLON,
and
Rangoon.
THE SHIP
RELIANCE,
BURTHEN 350 TONS,
WILL RECEIVE FREIGHT FOR
COLUMBO,
Point de Galle,
AND
RANGOON,
AND WILL SAIL
About the 1st of January 1818;
APPLY TO
Captain C. F. Davies,
at
NASSERWANJEE COWASJEE PETTY'S
OFFICE.

Bombay, 24th December, 1817.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE and NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—December 17th, the H. C.'s Cruizer Prince of Wales, Lieutenant G. Robson, from Severndroog—20th, Ship Reliance, Captain C. F. Davies, from Penang and Quilon.

SAILED.—December 18th, Ship Jemima, Free Trader, Captain M. Danby, to England.—20th, the H. C.'s Cruizer Sylph, Lieutenant B. Dominiceti, to Severndroog,—21st, Ship Herald, Free Trader, Captain John Foreman, to London.

The Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, 24th DECEMBER, 1817.

Two or three straggling papers from Madras have reached us during the last week, but all they serve to evince is, that novel intelligence is just as scarce at that presidency as it is here.

The Paishwa having reached *Poossa Surbe* and bent his course to the Eastward to *Timbownee*, has retraced his flight towards Poona. On the 13th instant he passed between that Capital & *Seroor*, and is said to have reached *Jomeer*, and placed himself under the protection of Trimbuckjee Dainglia. Brigadier General Smith was at Seroor on the 17th, and intended to renew the chase after equipping a Light Corps for that purpose, and we entertain no doubt but that in the course of a few days we shall prove to the Enemy that British Troops can follow in pursuit as effectually as they can overwhelm him in the field of battle. Gokla will no doubt be employed in attending General Smith's movements. What may be the future course of the Paishwa it would be difficult to conjecture; though we can have little hesitation in developing what his views were in proceeding to the Southward, which could have been no other than to secure the person of the Sattara Rajah, who is now with the Paishwa with his whole family, & whose reception by the Paishwa is said to have been most respectful.

We have received no further accounts from *Nagpore*. In the action of the 26th and 27th our loss amounted to fourteen Officers killed and wounded and 333 of all other ranks. Severe as this loss appears, and deeply as it is to be regretted, we have cause for wonder and congratulation that it was not greater. When we contemplate the strength of the Enemy, 12,000 Cavalry and 8000 Infantry, opposing about 1300 Rank and File! that success should have attended our arms is almost incredible. Mr. Jenkins the Resident was present during the whole of the action, and his conduct in animating the Troops is spoken of in terms of high commendation.

Sir Thomas Hislop's force was on the 6th Instant at Beejuara or Bejawul as it is written in the last copy of Arrowsmith's Map. Sir John Malcolm was still advancing, as was Colonel Adams. Cheetoo the Pindaree Chief was moving towards Meywar.

In the course of General Smith's pursuit of the Paishwa from the 22d of November to the 8th of December, he has had but one Trooper killed and about sixteen Silladars wounded. On the night of the 9th Lieutenant Colonel Wilson of the Bombay European Regiment was sent out with two Companies of that Regiment, two of the 65th Regt. 4 of the Light Battalion, and 4 of the 1st Batt. 2nd Regt. making about 600 men, with two Gallopers for the purpose of beating up Gokla's quarters distant about ten Miles. Colonel Wilson encountered on his way a body of the Enemy, whom he was obliged to attack, and killed and wounded several men and horses. This rencountre however gave the alarm to the main body and prevented Colonel Wilsons reaching their Head Quarters till after day light. The Enemy nevertheless experienced some casualties from our Gallopers.

"Accounts have been received from Poona dated the 10th. The Paishwa had halted on the 12th and 13th at Seedy Tok on the River Beema, and on the following day prosecuted his flight towards Nassuck.

"General Smith was at Audloos on the Neera on the 11th, and marched on the following day to Nimbgaum on the Beema.

"The most perfect tranquillity continues to prevail at Poona, nor has the near approach of the Paishwa had the least effect in shaking the confidence of the inhabitants in their present security.

"We are happy to understand that a party of Mysore horse under the command of Captain Grant, and detached from Sir John Malcolm's division, succeeded after a march of 34 miles in surprizing a post belonging to the Pindarrees, when Walub Khan, one of Seetoo's favorites and adopted Son, was taken."

"We have just been favored with the perusal of a letter, dated Oumrautty 6th December, from an officer with the light division; from which we extract the following. "We arrived at Oumrautty this morning and expect to reach Nagpore by the 11th——We shall muster 2500 Cavalry, 7000 Infantry with 30 6-pounders including gallopers and horse artillery. The Rajah is inclined to unconditional submission, but it is believed that Mr. Jenkins will do nothing, until General Doveton's arrival, ——In the action of the 26th and 27th the Rajah lost 400 Arabs killed, and all the native accounts concur in the statement that he was most completely beaten. That two weak battalions should sustain a cannonade for 18 hours without intermission, is really most wonderful. I forgot to mention Major Mackenzie of the 1st Battalion 20th Regiment amongst the wounded on that glorious day. Our force consists of the following corps, His Majesty's Royal Scotts, 12th Light Infantry, Flankers 1st Bat. 2d Regt. 2d Bat. 11th Regt. 2d Bat. 13th Regt. 2d Bat. 24th Regt. 6th Regt. Light Cavalry, 4 brigades horse artillery. At Nagpore 1st Bat. 20th Regt. 1st Bat. 24th Regt. Nizam's Brigade under Major Pitman and 1000 reformed horse. The force is a match for any Mahratta army. The remainder of the 1st Bat. 2d Regt. with battering train and sappers and miners remain at Akolah until our return, when we commence the siege of Asseerghur in the event of the Killedar refusing to give it up.——Letters from Nagpore of the 3d mention all is tranquil and the position strengthened, and all ready to repel any future attack the Rajah may make on the small force there."

[*Bombay Courier.*

English Extracts.

Mr. Lancaster has been making a tour of the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of examining the state of the several Schools established there—At Cowes, Newport, Ryde, and Brading, where he has given Lectures, he experienced much hospitality and kindness from all classes——as he had done in his tour throughout the other parts of the County. The following communication announces some further improvements he has made in his plan of Education:——

UNIVERSAL EXTENSION OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.——The Founder of the LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM of EDUCATION not only continues his undiminished activity, but we are happy to hear, has recently made some singular and advantageous improvements in his *own system*, greatly adding to its economy, and largely increasing its powers: not departing from its original principles, but perfecting it.

He has now traversed the three kingdoms within these two years, and taken a Statistical account of Schools established on the Royal Lancasterian and other systems: to the utility of which, his matured *personal* experience has largely contributed.

He has paid an acceptable and national visit to those invaluable Institutions, the "SABBATH SCHOOLS."

The extent of his labours are only exceeded by the important discoveries recently made. The materials yet remain unknown only to the author and a few confidential friends, but the effects which he states, he pledges himself for the fact of their importance. The result will be found as follows:——

1.——These inventions will render all the lessons of every kind required for a Lancasterian or other School, much cheaper and more completely adapted to their end."

2.——These inventions, while decreasing the cost and increasing the effect, will afford a copious *variety*, beyond precedent or even calculation.

3.——These inventions will apply especially to reading, spelling, and arithmetic lessons, in ANY LANGUAGE, and to one language with as much facility as another; and yet, the work and agency of every youthful instruments will effect this great end.

4.——These schools of a nation or of a large empire may, by these means, be furnished with a great variety of lessons, almost as easily as the school of a metropolis can now! The facility which this invention will give to spread literal extracts from the sacred writings, will add wings to the spread of scripture knowledge. A missionary schoolmaster may furnish his schools with sacred extracts, *in countless variety*, from the best of books in any language. The spread of knowledge, art, science, and the bible, among the remotest nations will be likely, in future, to suffer little impediment as to schools, in regard to the cost, consumption, difficulty of obtaining the materials of instruction.

5.——Not only does Joseph Lancaster himself state this as *the crowning labour of his life* in effects likely to be bounded only by the habitable world, but as equally calculated to diffuse its blessings in a small family under a mother's tuition——as to a large number in a School, adapted to the *blind*, the *dumb*, and the *deaf* of one Nation, as well as of nearly every written language under Heaven.

Incredible as those things may appear, Joseph Lancaster assures his friends the event is sure——the means economical——the *experiment already proved* decisively capable of success, and that its happy results may be looked for with expectation by every nation, kindred, tongue, and *People*.

A book has been lately published at Paris, which gives an account of the conspiracy of Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton against the United States of America and General Washington:——"Whilst Philadelphia was in the hands of the English, Major Andre, an

English Officer and accomplished Gentleman, became intimately acquainted with the relations of Mrs. Arnold and with herself. However, neither cotemporary malice, or subsequent love of fiction and romance, cast any imputation upon the lady, even amidst the general hatred borne to her husband. During this time, Arnold communicated only with Andre, who joined the courage of the soldier to the cool address of the conspirator; and after some meditation, he thought it an easy enterprise to seize the fort Montgomery, and even to get *into* his power the person of General Washington. On the 20th September, 1780, Andre arrived nearly opposite the fort. The Vulture, on which he was on board, was discovered from the lowness of water, Arnold refused to fire on him, and was placed in the situation of exposing himself to suspicion, not only by the Americans, but by Clinton. He, however, continued in the confidence of the Americans, and appointed a secret interview with Andre, who, protected only by a passport and an assumed name, proceeded with impatient intrepidity to the place of meeting. All was thus prepared even for the capture of General Washington. In the mean time the movements of the Vulture (Andre's ship), attracted the notice of the Officers commanding the forts on that side, and of the mariners who were to take back Andre to his sloop. He was therefore obliged to alter his course, and by the advice of Arnold return by land in disguise. This entirely changed his character with reference to the laws of war.—Furnished with a passport from Arnold, and having the papers relating to the conspiracy concealed in his boots, he had got within sight of the English pickets unmolested, when suddenly two volunteers happening to observe him, seized his horse by the bridle; he thought himself safe within the English lines, and declared who he was. He was brought back to Old Salem, and his papers were discovered. All doubts were now removed. Arnold heard of his arrest the very day fixed for the execution of the plot. Washington arrived, and the conspirator fled. "I thought," said Washington, "that skill and courage in an Officer were sufficient to render him fit for trust; but I now find that he who wants probity should never be confided in, whatever may be his talents. This lesson of the new world seems to have sometimes been lost upon the old." Andre, upon learning the flight of Arnold, discovered himself to Washington, and after justifying his conduct, claimed the treatment of a man of honour and a soldier.—Clinton sent deputies, and even in a tone of humility demanded that Andre should be restored. Even Arnold made an effort to save him. Arnold endured life and remorse; but Andre, the spirited and gallant soldier, the accomplished gentleman, died upon a gibbet. He entreated, but in vain, a commutation of that ignominious punishment. He died (says the historian) with the calm intrepidity of a hero, commanded to post himself upon a mine ready to explode."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Crocodiles, Crabs, and Yellow-Tortoises of the Mississippi.

The crocodile inhabits only the warm countries of Asia, Africa, and America; and if this formidable animal is occasionally transported to Europe, history records it as an extraordinary circumstance. In the year 58 before J. C., Scaurus, during the fetes which he gave at Rome, at the period of his edileship, caused a canal to be dug, which he filled with water, and in which he shewed five crocodiles. The Emperor Augustus likewise filled the Flaminian Circus with water, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, thirty-six living crocodiles, which were killed by an equal number of men accustomed to combat with these amphibious monsters. Heliogabalus likewise had crocodiles brought to Rome, which, it is said, were fed upon pheasants and parrots! Towards the end of the year 1661, a very young crocodile was brought to Versailles, which died a month after his arrival. *Valmon de Bomard*, in 1766, saw an African crocodile in London; and, in 1782, he saw an American one in the Menagerie at Chantilly, which was about four feet in length.

A crocodile conveyed alive to Europe is an object of great rarity, and cannot be replaced, either to naturalists or the curious, by those stuffed skins which amateurs so ostentatiously suspend from the ceilings of their cabinets. A stuffed crocodile was presented some years ago to the Museum of Natural History at Paris, by the indefatigable botanist Michaux, who had killed it on the banks of the Mississippi, where by his account, innumerable quantities of these frightful reptiles are to be seen.

The Mississippi, the most considerable river of Louisiana, swells periodically every year; it would overflow its natural limits, if the people who inhabit its banks did not guard against inundations by raising dykes from four to five feet high, and fifteen to twenty or even twenty-five feet thick, which serve as paths for foot passengers. But who would suppose that these strong dykes, capable of resisting the violence of the current should frequently yield to the obstinate labor of the crabs with which the Mississippi abounds? These animals are continually occupied in digging subterraneous galleries, and if they succeed in penetrating to the other side of the dyke, and this accident should take place during the night, however small the aperture may at first be, it will increase in a few hours, and afford a large passage to the impetuosity of the waters, which occasion the greater ravages because the ground on the other side of the dyke forms a declivity from the banks of the river. At the beginning of last May, an inundation produced by the singular cause, took place at three leagues from New Orleans, on the habitation of Mr. Macarthy; it soon covered 12 leagues of ground, and submerged two thirds of New Orleans.

The accounts written by M. Descourtilz, of which, in 1807, he made an interesting report to the French Institute, contain several new details concerning the birth and ferocious habits of the crocodile of St. Domingo, the truth of which may be relied on. According to the observations of M. Descourtilz, the females are much more numerous than the males, though the latter frequently fight with each other through jealousy. The eggs are laid in the months of March, April, and May. The female digs with her paws a circular hole in the sand, on some elevated spot; in this hole she usually lays about 28 eggs, which she disposes in beds separated by layers of earth. The young are hatched at the end of a month; about this time the female goes to summon her progeny into active existence. Each young one breaks with its beak the shell of the egg in which it is enclosed, and which is no larger than that of a turkey. The female replies to the first utterance of her young by a hoarse and lengthened cry, which she repeats at equal intervals, and scrapes away the earth by which they are surrounded to induce them to come forth. Having succeeded in bringing them from the earth, she warns them against the male, who seeks to devour them, and nourishes them for the space of three months with her own food, which she disgorges. The crocodile cannot swallow in the water without the hazard of being suffocated by the fluid entering his larynx; he therefore deposits in the holes which he has dug under the water, the brute animals or men who fall into his power, and after leaving them there until putrefaction takes place, he conveys them to the shore and devours them. The rigidity of his vertebræ is not so great as is supposed; he can turn himself on one side so as to bite his own tail. In addition to strength, he possesses a remarkable degree of cunning; he suffers himself to be borne along by the current of the water, half closing his eyes, and, when seen from a distance, his color and want of motion cause him frequently to be mistaken for a piece of floating wood. By this stratagem he surprises imprudent bathers or the cattle which go to water on the banks of the rivers or lakes which he inhabits. But the young crocodile at present in Paris has not yet attained a size, a voice, or an appetite to excite alarm. This animal, which a short time ago arrived from New Orleans, does not appear to be more than six months old. He is about one foot in length, and has hitherto been content to feed upon raw beef and large earth worms. On one or two occasions, however, his natural ferocity has been manifested. Two yellow tortoises, the species of which was hitherto unknown to our naturalists, and which have likewise been brought from Louisiana, were lately placed in the same basin with the crocodile: the extreme agility with which, at the approach of the least danger they conceal their heads under their shells, enabled them lately to escape his voracity; they have since been but rarely trusted near an enemy who seems only to have feigned to take a pleasure in their society, in order to watch the more securely the moment in which he might devour them. The shells of these tortoises, of which M. Huet has lately finished a drawing for the Cabinet of Natural History, are scarcely larger than a dollar. At Louisiana they are preserved in glass vases, such as those in which gold fish are sometimes kept for the ornament of drawing-rooms and the amusement of *idlers*. The gentleness and vivacity of these miniature tortoises are singularly contrasted with the gloomy and mischievous air of their travelling companion.

UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY; IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

Villeneuve; Sept. 14, 1816.

My dear Madam,

It is night,—I have just arrived at this village. We quitted Lausanne between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning; a pure sky was expanded throughout the hemisphere. Another day of sunshine and of joy has passed, leaving such vivid traces of the delicious intensity of my happiness, that my remembrance of it will be as inerasible as the wild and stupendous scenes through which I have passed. A current of transport has coursed my veins throughout the day. I have sighed, I have been motionless, I have been speechless with joy. I did not suppose that the human frame was capable, for hours in succession, of enjoyment so exquisite; and I feel confident, that the scenery of Switzerland alone can generate such emotions: even while I write, recollection realizes my transports, and my eyes are filled with tears of joy: may these sensations visit my frame in after years, when age shall rob my limbs of their vigour, and circumscribe the feeble efforts of exercise to a garden, an orchard, and its adjoining copse!

Our route lay on the borders of the Lake; its gently-agitated waters were expanded before us, glittering in the sunshine. Beyond the Lake rose the rugged Alps of Savoy, towering to an immense height; their sides, for the most part, veiled in shade, and partially covered with snow; not a trace of vegetation decorated their craggy summits. On our left, rich vineyards clothed the sides of the mountains, and were extended as far as our eyes could trace them.

We passed Lutri, Cuilli, and St. Saporin, on our way to Vevai and Clarens, which, you may well believe, we were most anxious to arrive at, however delighted we were by every object which lay around us. My mind was for ever occupied with the recollection of that master-work of genius, which is not the less delightful because it is fictitious: yet why do I call the Eloise a fiction? It must not be called a work of imagination, it is so perfect a copy of an original; it is so pure a reflection of human feelings and actions, that we exclaim involuntarily—"Rousseau is not indebted to his imagination for this, but to his heart."

We had heard of the magnitude and impetuosity of the Vevaise, which rises in the Gruyere mountains, and flows into the Lake at Vevai. We listened as we advanced, and expected that the hoarse voice of the river-god would salute our ears long before we approached his presence. We entered the town; we stood on the centre of the bridge, and beheld the bed of the Vevaise. How surprised were we to find that a feeble current only marked the course of the river; yet all around this current, this playful stream that lives only in quiescence and sunshine, this off-spring of the river-deity, we beheld traces of the power and impetuosity of the parent—of the mountain-torrent, whose voice appals—whose strength is irresistible!

I traversed the town; my mind was filled with the recollection of the sentiments, which no lips but those of an Eloise and a St. Preux could breathe. I thought of them only; of beings whose frames were agitated by feelings the most wild, yet the most refined, delicate, and intellectual: of those who had pictured to themselves an existence, whose joys would for ever partake of meridian intensity; for it is only in the morning of life when our sensations have the untiring activity which novelty begets, when the frame is verging towards a maturity of strength and beauty, when the blood seems to gush through the veins with the velocity of light, and its "rapids" hurry our imagination through regions of enchantment, that we picture to ourselves that visionary, unbroken happiness, the offspring of inexperience, from the pursuit of which we at length turn with languor, dejection, and despair, when we discover the alloy which is inseparable from unregulated fruition.

As I gazed around me, I could not but exclaim, "On such a spot, surrounded by luxuriant vineyards; the quiet and delicious scenery which the opening between the mountains presents; a widely spreading and quiet lake, bounded by an outline presenting the reverse of all these—the craggy inaccessible Alps;—here the language of enthusiasm is that of truth and nature."

We entered the great square, the south side of which opens upon the Lake: here we beheld the rocks of Meilleire, from which the unwearied gaze of St. Preux was fixed upon this spot. How fortunate was he that distance prevented him from distinguishing the particular object which he endeavoured to behold, since more was left to the visions of imagination.

The heat became intense as we approached Clarens; had my existence been merely animal, I should involuntarily have sought shelter at Vevai, but excessive happiness thrilled me—my heart bounded within my breast; what I beheld excited joy; but imagination hurried me from these objects to its own mysterious regions of beatitude; an indescribable transport, before unfelt, undreamt of, pervaded every artery of my frame. We entered Clarens, more memorable for its bower, where the imaginary St. Preux was surprized by a bliss surpassing perfect happiness, than for having been at one time the actual residence of Rousseau: such is the magical power of genius!

We had not long quitted Clarens when we met an old Swiss, whom we found intelligent and most willing to communicate all that he conceived we should be interested in knowing: he was pleased by our eager inquiries; and our humble mode of travelling proved that we had visited, *con amore*, his native lakes and mountains. He directed our steps to the village of Montreux, on the mountain side, and particularly to a bridge thrown over a mountain-torrent: he pointed to the snow-covered heights, among which, he said, the *chamois* is hunted; and spoke of a valley among the mountains, not far distant, where some plants are found which are no-where discoverable but on the summits of the Alps. In this valley have resided a race of beings who, from sire to son, have never quitted the scenes of their nativity; knowledge has not, by inflaming their imaginations, generated the desire of change. They are fortunate, indeed, who are incapable of conceiving a state of happiness more perfect than that which they enjoy: transported, as I now am, I almost envy those whose lives are so fixed, so quiescent, so insulated.

We proceeded to the bridge of Montreux, and from its summit looked down upon the torrent; it was roaring and foaming as it rushed impetuously through its rocky bed, at a fearful depth below us. The height on which I stood, and the wildness of the current, made me shrink from the fixed attention to that which I afterwards returned to contemplate, not with less emotion, but with less dread. I could not trace it far up the mountain; it was concealed by an almost perpendicular wood, which hung on its side. Never shall I forget the sensation which I experienced when I first bent over the parapet of the bridge: I glanced at the torrent,—my eyes shrunk from its overwhelming volume, and clung to the rich underwood which lay on its banks; a mixed feeling of dread and delight convulsed me: you may have felt the same, but never so intensely.

We did not resume the road which we had quitted, but continued our walk to Villeneuve, through the church-yard of Montreux, and by a slanting pathway cut on the precipitous declivity of the mountain-side. This track conducted us through orchards, meadows, and fields of India wheat. I could not have conceived the possibility of the cultivation of uplands so fearfully oblique, had I not beheld the peasantry making hay; had I not seen the closely-mown orchard, with its trees bending with fruit, and beheld the ripened wheat drooping and threatening parturition. Among these scenes we frequently beheld the self-planted beech spreading its thick and impenetrable branches, and the light ash, with its thin and sunny foliage. The orchard appeared to be separated from the corn or hay field, by irregular traces of rich underwood, which were

"Hardly hedge-row little lines
Of sportive wood run wild;"

for, although the effects of cultivation lay all around us, yet was there so little art, so faint a shew of violence in the controul of Nature, that she still appeared to be almost unlicensed in her liberty.

The sun was declining as we wound among these enchanting scenes, but his slanting rays lighted up the rich verdure of the grass and luxuriant foliage of the trees with unusual brilliancy. The murmuring of a thousand cascades, "above, below, & all around" us, some crossing our path, others sparkling through rich underwood, or rippling at its side; the gentle dashing of the waves of the Lake, whose sound was "by distance made more sweet;" and the song of the grass-hopper, sometimes at our feet, at other times so far removed as to be almost inaudible, yielded delicious music; for these unregulated sounds—differing, yet not uncongenial,—were to me most musical.

Through the trees we saw below us the dark towers of the insulated castle of Chillon, reflected on the bosom of the Lake: these objects awoke a train of painful reflections, and proved how entirely our happiness is out of our power, and that we are wholly the creatures of circumstance. I thought of that sanguinary era, when the ardor of religious reform violated the laws of justice and humanity—when the residents of the borders of this Lake became infuriate with the unchristian zeal of persecution—when this castle was the scene of pining and of hopelessness. I thought of that period when the meek, the philosophic, the enlightened, Michael Servetus, became the victim of the crafty, cold-hearted, and blood-thirsty Calvin. When will men discover that religion does not consist in the belief of that which surpasses their comprehension, and in the persecution, or hatred, at least, of those who do not believe, yet court conviction? When will they perceive that its divine essence consists in kind-heartedness, in generosity, in highmindedness, in the cultivation of intellect, in promoting the happiness of a community if we possess genius and that of our family and friends if we have it not?

During the time that the foregoing gloomy reflections were occupying my mind, the shades of evening were deepening on the Lake, and enfolding in their embrace the objects immediately on its borders; while the Alps, which tower above it, were enveloped in tints of purple light. Rousseau has faithfully and beautifully described, in his Eloise, this effect of the setting sun on the mountain summits. This is, indeed, a region of enchantment; it presents objects not embraced by the most sublimated fictions of poetic genius! I looked towards the Jura mountains; the sun had just sunk below their summits. We walked on, scarcely a word passed our lips; we were too much delighted to converse, for we despaired to communicate, and feared to disturb our happiness. The approach of night, that concealed those charms which had so transported us from our eager and ungratified gaze, could not deprive us of the delight which the sight of them had created. Never—never did I experience—never can I hope again to feel such heart-boundings: never was I so purely delighted.

Adieu! Adieu!

T. H.

* See the Eloise—Letter 14.

BLACK-LEAD MINE AT BARROWDALE.

Black-lead Pencils are only produced in England. The literati on the Continent supposed them to be *melted* into the form in which they received them, and conceiving this they attempted to imitate them. The following account of the Mine is extracted from the Chemical Essays of Mr. S. PARKES, and is by far the best description of it that we have met with:—

"On a journey to the Lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland, in the summer of the year 1814, I heard that the celebrated mine of black-lead in Barrowdale had been lately opened, and that the workmen were then engaged, in raising and dressing the mineral. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I immediately determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of visiting this curious spot, and therefore fixed my head-quarters at Keswick, the nearest town to the mine, in order to collect the necessary preliminary information, and learn how to procure the most intelligent guide which the neighbourhood could afford. In travelling from the north, the road lies thus:—From Carlisle to Wigton is 11 miles; from thence to Keswick is 22 miles; and from Keswick to the mine 9 miles. It is necessary to take a chaise from Wigton to Keswick, as there is no mail or other coach which runs between those towns. From Keswick to the mine saddle-horses are necessary, as some of the defiles through the mountains are too narrow to admit the passing of a carriage. As no account has hitherto been given of this celebrated mine, where black-lead is found of a quality far superior to what is known in any other part of the world, I trust the following particulars will not be uninteresting to my readers.

"The neighbourhood of Keswick has for ages been celebrated as a mining country.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gold and silver were procured in considerable quantity from the mountain called *Gold-scarpe*, in the vale of Newlands near Keswick. At that time the mine was worked by a company of Germans, who raised a large quantity of copper and lead, and not only converted those to their own use, but also laid claim to the precious metals, in opposition to the Queen, who demanded them as well as the usual royalty. However, on an appeal to common law, her Majesty gained the point, and the foreigners soon after absconded."

"It was during this reign that the very valuable mine of black lead, or plumbago, was first discovered at Barrowdale. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood say, that this rich depository was first brought to light by a tremendous hurricane, which blew up a large ash tree and discovered a mass of fine plumbago at its root. The mine now at work is in the midst of a mountain about 2,000 feet high, which rises at an angle as near as I could guess of 45 degrees, and is situate among other stupendous hills in a district known by the name of Barrowdale. When the value of this mine become known, the proprietors found it very difficult to guard it so as to prevent depredations. The practice of robbing it was become so common, that several persons living in the neighbourhood were said to have made large fortunes by secreting and selling the mineral: this, however, is now entirely prevented by some expedients hereafter to be mentioned. Even a guard stationed on the spot was of no avail, for 70 or 80 years ago, a body of miners broke into the mine by main force, and held the possession of it in spite of the proprietors themselves. At one time the depredations had arrived to such a pitch, and such vast quantities had been stolen, that the delinquents undersold the proprietors in the London market, so that the latter found it expedient to buy up the remainder of their stock, in order to bring the price to its old level. It is not many years since a very large quantity of fine black-lead was found on Vicker's Island situated in Derwentwater; and it is supposed that this was secreted there at the time the robbers had possession of the mine in Barrowdale.

"It has been already mentioned that the black-lead mountain has an altitude of about 2,000 feet; and as that part of the mine which is now working is near the middle of the mountain, the present entrance is about 1,000 feet from its summit. There are indeed two entrances; a small one by which the workmen descend by means of a flight of steps; the other is a large horizontal one capable of admitting horses and wheelbarrows for the removal of the rubbish and loose earth by which the black is enveloped, and through this entrance a water passes off which constantly runs through the mine.

"In order to secure the vast treasure which is contained within this mountain, the proprietors have now erected a strong brick building, consisting of four rooms on the ground floor, one of which is immediately over the opening by which the workmen enter, and as they go to their work. This opening is secured by a trap door, and the room over it

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t is called the dressing-room; for when the men enter it, they strip off their usual clothes, and each of them puts on a dress suitable for working in a mine. The men work six hours each, and then they are relieved by others. When the hour of relief comes, the steward attends in the dressing-room to see the men undress, as they come up the steps one by one out of the mine, when they put on their usual clothes, which are also examined by the steward to see that they have no black-lead concealed within them. This room contains no furniture except the pegs on which the clothes are hung all round the room, each man knowing his own. When these have dressed and departed, another set of men clothe themselves for their work and enter the mine as before, when the trap-door is again shut, and the steward is relieved to attend his other occupations.

"I have said that the house consists of four rooms, and these are contrived so that they connect with each other. In the inner-most of these rooms there is a kind of counter or strong table, under the window, at which two men sit; who are constantly employed in assorting and dressing the mineral. This is necessary, because it is usual to divide the black-lead into two kinds, called best and coarse; and as the finest specimens have generally pieces of ironore or other impurity attached to them, these are dressed off by peculiar tools adapted to the purpose. These men are constantly shut in when at work, and the steward walks backwards and forwards in an adjoining room furnished with two loaded blunderbusses, which hang within his reach, for the sake of further security. As the black-lead is cleaned, it is put into firm casks which hold about 112lb. each, and these are sent by waggons to the warehouse of the proprietors in London. Formerly this mine was opened only once in six or seven years; but in consequence of the demand being greater, and the quantity which they have discovered not being so large, it has been found expedient to open it and dig for ore during 6 or 7 weeks every year. During this time the mine is guarded night and day: and it is thought necessary that the steward, who lives only at the village of Seathwait, at the foot of the mountain, should not leave the house night or day during the whole of this period, except an hour or two on the Sunday, to visit his family, and even then, as he told me, he was always careful to return to his dwelling on the mountain while it was yet light. In consequence of the mine having of late years been opened every summer, they now raise all the black-lead they find and then the mine is securely shut up in the following manner:—The workmen wheel back the rubbish which had been removed at the opening of the mine, and this is laid in one continued heap to the amount of some hundred cart loads, which securely blocks up both passages into the mine. The door is then locked, as well as the door into the house, and all the men leave the premises in a state of safety; for the mass of rubbish which is thus wheeled in at the large door dams up the small rill of water which usually flows through the mine, and this has the effect of flooding it completely. Thus, if an attempt were made to break the house and enter the mine by that road, the robbers would find that the water had arisen to such an height as would drown any individual who should attempt to search for the ore.

"From an examination of the exterior of the mountain it appears, that, in former times various small shafts have been sunk for getting the black-lead, and the mine which they are now working was one of those which had been closed for a century, but was again opened in the year 1769, in consequence of another mine in the immediate vicinity having failed. The expence of raising the black-lead varies very much in different years, according to the size of the masses which the workmen happen to meet with: for instance, that which they found in the year 1778, was four yards in diameter, and twelve yards high; that of 1803 was twenty-one yards and a half high, two yards and an half in diameter, and perfectly round like a column: that which they found in 1812, was rather less than 20 yards in height, and only 2 feet in diameter; and what they are now getting is found only in a narrow string. The expenses in driving the level, building the house, and working the mine, from the 23d of April, 1798, to the 4th of April, 1814, have amounted to 6,637*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*; and during this period there have been produced 746 casks of fine black-lead, and 1,816 casks of a coarse kind, amounting together to 2,552 casks, of about 112lbs. each. It might be a matter of difficulty to those who visit the mine, to conceive how these casks of black-lead can be conveyed with safety down the face of so steep a mountain. This is done by men who have been long accustomed to the task. The cask is fixed upon a light sledge with two wheels, and the man who is well used to this sort of precipitous path walks coolly down before the sledge, taking care that it does not acquire too great a momentum, and thus overpower him. The empty sledge he then carries back upon his shoulders, and takes another cask. All the black-lead is sent to London, as I have already mentioned, where it is deposited at the warehouse of the proprietors, and afterwards disposed of by public action, held at ——street, in the Strand, London. This happens on the first Monday of every month throughout the year; and the best kind usually sells for two guineas or more per pound. The property of this valuable mine is divided, as I understand, into two equal parts, one of which belongs to Henry Banks. Esq, representative in parliament for Corfe Castle, in the county of Dorset; and the other moiety is divided into ten or twelve shares belonging to Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Mitford, the Executors of the late Mr. Gilbert, and others. In some years the net produce of the black-lead has amounted to thirty or forty thousand pounds."

The Pastor's Fire-side, a Novel, in Four Volumes, by Miss Jane Porter, Author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," The Scottish Chiefs," &c. 1817.

The Pastor's Fire-side is not, as its unassuming title should seem to announce, a simple rural tale, but an historical novel, worthy to be associated with the Thaddeus and the Scottish Chiefs of its admired author. The subject of the present work is happily chosen from a period too near the days of our fathers, not to harmonize with our own in custom, sentiment, and language; yet, by a rare felicity of invention, it is far enough removed from our *diurnal* sphere of observation to lend to the brilliant creations of romance those mellow twilight tints, those solemn shadowy illusions, which consecrate to fancy and reflection the grove of a departed age. For the mere ground work of her story, Miss Porter is indebted to the Memoirs of Baron de Ripperda, that celebrated political adventurer—equally remarkable for versatile talents, and the vicissitudes of fortune. Originally a protestant and a republican, his first step to distinction was achieved in the character of envoy from the States General to Spain. At Madrid he abjured the errors of heresy, and was immediately invited to the court of Philip the Vth, who, in recognition of certain diplomatic services performed at Vienna, created him a duke and grandee, and with the office of prime minister bestowed on him almost supreme authority. Such transcendant prosperity could not long be unalloyed. Detestable to the jealous nobles, suspected by the discontented people, he was suddenly accused, arrested, and imprisoned; but having deceived the vigilance of his guards, found means to escape to Barbary—were, by a second apostacy, he again acquired power and fortune, and finally closed his career a *Bashaw* and a *Musulman*. On this narrow scite of history has Miss Porter erected a magnificent fiction, which may challenge comparison with any other work of the same order. The fable is skilfully constructed; the interest constant and progressive; the dramatis personæ are all life and energy; the eccentric Wharton is well sustained; and the hero Louis, though, like Berkeley, "endowed with every virtue under heaven," is sufficiently a human being to subdue the heart even of a critical reader—but it is the masterly portraiture of Ripperda, which gives to this work its decided tone of superiority, and would alone be sufficient to establish its future fame. It is not our intention to abridge a story so exquisitely told; but to furnish a key to the following extracts, it may be necessary to observe, that Louis, the son of Ripperda, has been confided to the care of his maternal relations, from whom he has received, with the education, the principles of a Briton. At the Pastor's fire-side he is permitted to remain till he has completed his twentieth year, a stranger to his father's person, but impressed with idolatrous enthusiasm for his character, and ambitious of emulating him in talents, in enterprize, and in fame. At this period he is suddenly summoned to attend his father: he obeys with ardour; and, after a journey conducted with much mystery and precaution, arrives in Vienna—not, however, to be introduced to Ripperda or even to be admitted to any mansion within that brilliant capital—he is conveyed to a gloomy chateau beyond the suburbs, where he is to meet some confidential friend of the Baron Ripperda, to whom he has delegated the paternal authority, and whom Louis is taught to reverence as the arbiter of his future destiny.

"Louis started at so dismal a reception, so different from the cordial comforts of Morewick Hall—so different from the social welcome of Athelstone manor, so widely different from the anticipated magnificence of a palace at Vienna, and the hospitable greeting of his father's friend: he paused at the threshold; then smiling at the effeminacy of his disgust, entered light of foot and of heart, saying to himself, 'Do I shrink at so poor a trial of my spirit? My father has guessed the sin of my breeding, and thus disciplines the spoiled boy.'—Louis might have been weary in body and mind; he had travelled since the moment of his landing without other sleep than that he had caught by snatches in his indefatigable vehicle; he might have been hungry, for he had tasted nothing since the break of day—but he felt none of those wants of nature, in his eagerness to meet, if not his father, his father's representative, and to receive from him that father's commands. At length, this awful personage appears—*a man* of a commanding stature, with much majesty of deportment. The interview is brief, but solemn. The stranger announces himself as the Sieur Ignatius—but defers to the next day to enter on an explanation of his mission. Louis retires to his dreary chamber, and soon sinks to profound repose. In the morning, he discovers a new and attractive scene on the banks of the Danube, and is still engaged in observing the gay spectacle of the Traineaux rolling along the ice, when he is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of his mysterious visitor: he wore the same enveloping dress as before, and as before shook aside the overhanging plumes of his hat as he advanced into the room. Louis was recovered from the amazement into which his new guardian's address had thrown him on their first interview; but he did not attempt to dispel the awe impressed by his deportment, and his relation as the Baron de Ripperda's friend; and therefore he greeted his re-appearance with a collected, but a profoundly respectful, demeanor.

"The Sieur Ignatius approached him—'I need not inquire of your health this morning; you look well and cheerful and these are signs of a constitution indispensable to the fulfilment of your future duties.' Louis answered, with a grateful smile, that he had to thank Heaven for a vigorous frame, and for a destiny which hitherto had not afforded him an excuse for being otherwise than cheerful. The cheerfulness of a life passed in retirement,' observed Ignatius, 'being the effect of active amusements, rather than of active duties, is habit and not principle, & must be remoulded with stouter materials to stand the buffets of the world. Louis, you are called from the happiness of self enjoyment to that of self neglect. You are called upon to toil for mankind.'—'Point out the way, Sir,' cried Louis, 'in a subdued but earnest voice, and I trust you shall not find me turn from it.'—'It is in all respects different from the one you have left—fond old age, and female partiality have hitherto smoothed your path. In the midst of this effeminacy, I know you have meditated on a manly life, on the career of fame, its triumphs, and its crown—but between the starting-point and the goal there is a wide abyss—the imagination of visionary youth overleaps it; but, in fact, it must be trod with strong unwearied feet, with weariness, privation, and danger.' The eyes of Louis flashing the brave ardours of his heart, gave the only answer to the Sieur's remarks, but it was eloquence of the high expectations he had raised.—'Young man,' continued his austere monitor, 'I come to lay open this momentous pass to you—and once entered, you are no longer your own, you belong to mankind, you are devoted to labour for them, and above all, to sacrifice the daintiness of a pampered body, the passions of your soul, the affections of your heart, to the service of the country which was that of your ancestors, and to which your father is now restored.'—'I am ready, Sir,' exclaimed Louis, 'to take my post, be it where it may, and I trust that I shall maintain it as becomes my father's son.'—'At present,' replied the Sieur, 'it is within these wall.—Louis looked aghast—the animation of hope springing forward to military distinction, faded from his countenance: 'Within these walls—how? What can be done here? I believed—I thought the army.'—This incoherent reply was suddenly arrested by the steady gesture of Ignatius' eyes; a pause ensued—doubly painful to Louis on account of the shock his expectations had received, and because he had so weakly betrayed it. With the tint of shame displacing the paleness of disappointment, he stood before his father's friend, looking on the ground—at last the Sieur spoke—'What army do you speak of?'—With increased embarassment, Louis replied, 'The Spanish army, that which the Marquis Stanta Cruz gave my uncle to understand was soon to march against Austria, to compel the emperor to fulfil his broken treaties.'—'And to meet that army in the heart of the Austrian capital,' said Ignatius, 'you thought was the object of your present summons.'—Unable to speak, from a humiliating consciousness of absurdity, Louis coloured a deeper scarlet, and again cast his eyes to the ground.—'No,' continued the Sieur, there are ways of forcing sovereigns to do their duties, besides that which the sword commands—if it will sooth your disappointment to think that you labour in one of them, believe what you wish—and rest satisfied.'—'I am satisfied,' returned Louis, 'and ready to be confined within these walls, at whatever employment, and for whatever time, my father may choose to dictate.'—'Follow me.'"

After the formality of a solemn oath never to betray the confidence reposed in his fidelity, the Sieur prepares to initiate his pupil into the duties of his new office.

"'Now, Louis,' said he, 'your task is easy—Will is a conquering sword.'—As he spoke, a smile played for a moment on his stern lip—but, like a sunbeam on a dark cloud, it suddenly disappeared, and all was gloom again; he opened the escritoire, & took from the shelves two thick scrolls in strange characters. Louis continued to gaze on the face of this mysterious man as he arranged the sheets on the table. The smile which had just lit up those lurid features with the nameless splendors of mental beauty, was passed away—but the impression remained on his pupil's heart—Ignatius placed the papers before his attentive pupil—telling him they comprised his duty for the day—that he must copy them stroke by stroke—for the inaccuracy of a single curve might produce consequences to burthen his soul for ever. The Sieur then sat down to give minute instruction respecting the execution of these momentous documents—the task was complicated, and of a nature totally different from any thing Louis had ever practiced, or could possibly have anticipated. However he cheerfully engaged in its performance; and his employer having seen the precision of his commencement, rose to withdraw.—Before he quitted the room, he turned, and said that he supposed it was hardly necessary to enjoin the propriety of always keeping that chamber locked, both when it was occupied and when it was vacant."

In the progress of the story, Louis is called to trials of fortitude, of endurance, and privation, more arduous and severe than the scrutiny, the solitude, and mystery, which haunt the chateau of Pfaffenberg. In the following scene, which is subsequent to the disgrace of Ripperda, the author exhibits the characteristic feelings of the father and the son with admirable force and pathos. With infinite difficulty Louis has traced Ripperda's course to Barbary, and at length reaches the spot, in which he remains concealed. But the fallen minister had learnt to distrust the fidelity of his only son, to whom he reluctantly accords the favour of an interview.

"It was a cold welcome, but Louis thought not of the words since the permssion was granted. He hastened through the Arcades to a large curtained door. Martini drew it back, and Louis beheld the honoured object of his long and filial pilgrimage. The Duke was standing with his back to him, reading a scroll of paper. Nothing that was not purely the son was then in his labouring heart, and he was advancing to throw himself at his father's feet, when Martini spoke—'My Lord, the Marquis de Montemar.' Ripperda turned his head, 'Let him wait my leisure;' and looking on the paper again, sternly resumed his reading. Louis stood. The face of deadly paleness, the eye's vivid flash, and the deep emaciated lines furrowed with every trace of the burning volcano within, filled him with a dismay even more terrible than the fierce estrangement this reception announced But it was only for a moment that his astounded faculties were tranfixed by the direful apprehension, he was his father still—his noble, injured, suffering father—and rushing forward, he flung himself on his knees before him, and covered his face in his robe, for the hand he would have grasped was withheld. Ripperda's breast was locked.—'What is it you require of me,' said he—'The minion of two queens must have some reason for bending thus low to the man, the one has dishonoured, and the other betrayed.—Louis looked upon that implacable countenance—he attempted to speak, but no sound obeyed—he struggled for his father's hand, and wrung it to his heart. Ripperda stood cold and collected, 'What would you yet seek of me? I have no longer fame, nor riches, nor power to bestow—these were your idols, deny it not—they were my own—I found their food ashes, but the drought that turned my blood to poison was the desertion of my son.'—'Hear me, my father!' at last burst from the lips of De Montemar.—Louis is heard in silence—at length he receives this answer, 'Tis well, and the tale is marvellously told—but I have no connexion with its truth or falsehood.'—'Yes, my father,' returned Louis,' it contains your justification, the acquittal of your son, and the atonement of your repentant sovereigns.'—'*My* justification is here!' exclaimed the Duke, proudly striking his breast, and starting from his seat—'and for atonement, Heaven and earth cannot atone for my injuries—tell your queen, that William de Ripperdda was not born to quail to any man—nor to hold his honours by flattery to a woman. I served the country of my ancestors for its own sake, neither in homage to her nor to the king. I devoted myself to the peace and prosperity of the world—but they rejected peace, and they shall find a sword. All have spurned me! I am thrust out of Europe—and when I have found a land of refuge, they would ensnare me to return—and I will return—return with desolation and death—for Christendom, ungrateful Christendom, has sinned beyond my wish to pardon.'—'How am I to comprehend you, my father?'—'You cannot comprehend me—I would not be comprehended by a Spaniard—you were once my son—and you have satisfied me you meant to be loyal to me—but you cannot serve two masters.'—'What master would oppose my serving my father? If you mean the King of Spain, your own *inexpugnable* honour would not raise an arm against him, and he will not, cannot, prevent me dedicating my life to you,'—'My honour, Louis!—*Christian* knights have honour, the King of Spain has honour, his ministers and those of Austria have a thousand honours; but where were they all, when my *inexpugnable* honour was calumniated and betrayed—where, when the man they durst not bring to an open trial was committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, to be silently and securely murdered?"

Louis attempts to combat and to soften these vindictive feelings, but he is still ignorant of his father's object.

"Ripperda walked several times up and down the apartment; several times he glanced suspiciously toward his son, and stopped opposite to him, as if he were going to speak; then turned away, and resumed his perturbed pace—a consuming impatience inflamed every feature—and once or twice he took out his watch, and looking at it muttered to himself. At last, abruptly drawing near his son, he snatched the cross of the Amaranth, and scornfully exclaimed, 'If you would belong to me, forswear all of which this is the emblem.'—Louis was dumb: the Duke resumed with wild solemnity—'One night in the Alcazar, when my gaolers had left me no other light than my injuries, I bethought me who raised those walls—In the black darkness of my prison I saw a host—they who fell in the passes of Grenada—and from that hour the soul of Aben Humeya passed into my breast—Yon is my ensign.'—He pointed to a crescent on a standard in a far corner of the room—Louis still gazed on him without speaking—but the apprehension of his mind was in his looks—'Do not mistake me,' rejoined the Duke—"my injuries have not made me mad, but they have driven me to a desperation that will prove you to the heart—Are you now willing to go where I shall go, to lodge where I shall lodge—shall my God be your God, and *my* enemies *your* enemies—or am I cast off like Ismael to find my revenge on those who mock me alone.'"

These extracts sufficiently convey an eulogium of the work—but we cannot dismiss it without observing, that it will be little to the credit of that reader who does not derive something more than mere amusement from the perusal of these interesting volumes.

LITERATURE.

POEMS; BY JOHN KEATS, PRICE 6s. LONDON, OLLIER, WELBECK-STREET, 1817.

Here is a little volume filled throughout with very graceful and genuine poetry. The author is a very young man, and one, as we augur from the present work, that is likely to make a great addition to those who would overthrow that artificial taste which French criticism has long planted amongst us. At a time when nothing is talked of but the power and the passion of Lord Byron, and the playful and elegant fancy of Moore, and the correctness of Rogers, and the sublimity and pathos of Campbell (these terms we should conceive are kept ready composed in the Edinburgh Review-shop) a young man starts suddenly before us, with a genius that is likely to eclipse them all. He comes fresh from nature,—and the originals of his images are to be found in her keeping. Young writers are in general in their early productions imitators of their favourite poet: like young birds that in their first songs, mock the notes of those warblers, they hear the most, and love the best: but this youthful poet appears to have tuned his voice in solitudes,—to have sung from the pure inspiration of nature. In the simple meadows he has proved that he can

"——See shapes of light, aerial lymning,
And catch soft floating from a faint heard hymning."

We find in his poetry the glorious effect of summer days and leafy spots on rich feelings, which are in themselves a summer. He relies directly and wholly on nature. He marries poesy to genuine simplicity. He makes her artless,—yet abstains carefully from giving her an uncomely homeliness:—that is, he shows she can be familiar with nature, yet perfectly strange to the habits of common life. Mr. Keats is fated, or "we have no judgment in an honest face;" to look at natural objects with his mind, as Shakespeare and Chaucer did,—and not merely with his eye as nearly all modern poets do;—to cloth his poetry with a grand intellectual light.—and to lay his name in the lap of immortality. Our readers will think that we are speaking too highly of this young poet,—but luckily we have the power of making good the ground on which we prophesy so hardily. We shall extract largely from his volume:—It will be seen how familiar he is with all that is green, light and beautiful in nature;—and with what an originality his mind dwells on all great or graceful objects. His imagination is very powerful,—and one thing we have observed with pleasure, that it never attempts to soar on undue occasions. The imagination, like the eagle on the rock, should keep its eye constantly on the sun,—and should never be started heavenward, unless something magnificent marred its solitude. Again, though Mr. Keats poetry is remarkably abstracted, it is never out of reach of the mind; there are one or two established writers of this day who think that mystery is the soul of poetry—that artlessness is a vice—and that nothing can be graceful that is not metaphysical;—and even young writers have sunk into this error, and endeavoured to puzzle the world with a confused sensibility. We must however hasten to the consideration of the little volume before us, and not fill up our columns with observations, which extracts will render unnecessary.

The first poem in the book seems to have originated in a ramble in some romantic spot, "with boughs pavilioned." The poet describes a delightful time, and a little world of trees,—and refreshing streams,—and hedges of filberts and wild briar, and clumps of woodbine.

"—taking the wind,
Upon their summer thrones."

and flowers opening in the early sunlight. He connects the love of poetry with these natural luxuries.

"For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?"

This leads him to speak of some of our olden tales; and here we must extract the passages describing those of Psyche, and Narcissus. The first is exquisitely written.

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" So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment ;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touch'd ; what amorous and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks ; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each others tremulous eyes ;
The silver lamp—the ravishment—the wonder—
The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thunder ;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne."

The following passage is not less beautiful,

" What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring ?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round ;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool,
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness :
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move ;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot ;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's Vale.

This Poem concludes with a brief but beautiful recital of the tale of Indymion,—to which indeed the whole poem seems to lean. The address to the Moon is extremely fine.

" —— Or by the moon, lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers ;
Spangler of clouds, halo of chrystal rivers ;
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories."

'The Specimen of an induction to a poem,' is exceedingly spirited,—as is the fragment of a Tale of Romance immediately following it; but we cannot stay to notice them particularly. These four lines from the latter piece are very sweet.

" The side-long view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress ;
Whence ever and anon the jay outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings."

The three poems following, addressed to Ladies, & the one to Hope are very inferior to their companions ;—but Mr. Keats informs us they were written at an earlier period than the rest. The imitation of Spenser is rich. The opening stanza is a fair specimen.

" Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footstep touch'd a verdant hill ;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill ;
Which, pure from mossy beds did down distil,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space a sky that never lours."

The two Epistles to his friends, and one to his brother are written with great ease and power. We shall extract two passages, both equally beautiful.

" But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy muse, with me she would not live,
In this dark city, nor would condescend
Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should e'er the fine-ey'd maid to me be kind,
Ah ! surely it must be whene'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic ;
Where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing ;
Where the dark leav'd laburnum's drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
And intertwined the Cassia's arms unite,
With its own drooping buds, but very white.
Where on one side are covert branches hung,
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung.
In leafy quiet : where to pry aloof,
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip-bells was wrestling.
There must be too a ruin dark, and gloomy,
To say 'joy not too much in all that's bloomy.'"

The next passage is from the opening of the poet's letter to a friend.

" Oft have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
And with proud breast his own white shadow crowning ;
He slants his neck beneath the waters bright,
So silently, it seems a beam of light
Come from the galaxy : anon he sports,—
With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
In striving from the chrystal face to take
Some diamond water drops, and them to treasure
In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure.
But not a moment can he there insure them,
Nor to such downy rest can he allure them ;
For down they rush as though they would be free,
And drop like hours into eternity.
Just like that bird am I in loss of time,
Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme ;
With shatter'd boat, oar snapt, and canvass rent,
I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent ;
Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
In which a trembling diamond never lingers."

Except in a little confusion of metaphor towards the end the above passage is exquisitely imagined and executed.

A few Sonnets follow these epistles, and, with the exception of Milton's and Wordsworth's, we think them the most powerful ones in the whole range of English poetry. We extract the first in the collection, with the assurance that the rest are equally great.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

Many the wonders I this day have seen ;
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of morn :—the laurell'd peers,
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean ;—
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which who so hears
Must think on what will be, and what has been.
E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
So scantly, that it seems her bridal-night,
And she her half discover'd revels keeping.
But what, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea ?

We have been highly pleased with that Sonnet which speaks—

" Of fair hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd ;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd."

But the last poem in the volume, to which we are now come, is the most powerful and the most perfect. It is entitled " Sleep and Poetry." The poet past a wakeful night at a brother poet's house, and has in this prize embodied the thoughts which passed over his mind. He gives his opinion of the Elizabethan age.—of the Pope's school,—& of the poetry of the present day. We scarcely know what to select,—we are so confused with beauties. In speaking of poetry, we find the following splendid passage :—

" ——Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander,
In happy silence, like the clear meander
Through its lone vales ; where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted,
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease,
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality !"

The following passage relating to the same, is even greater. It is the very magic of imagination.

" ——— For lo ! I see a far,
O'er sailing the blue cragginess, a car,
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear :
And now the numerous tramplings quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge ; and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide ;
And now I see them on a green hill's side,
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks,
The charioteer with wondrous gesture talks
To trees and mountains ;———"

We have not room to extract the passages on Pope and his followers, who,

" ———With a puling force,
Sway'd them about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus."

Nor can we give those on the modern poets. We shall conclude our extracts with the following perfect and beautiful lines on the busts and pictures which hung around the room in which he was resting.

" Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing ; just as though the earnest frown
Of over thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.
Great Alfred's too, with anxious pitying eyes,
As if he always listen'd to the sighs
Of the goaded world ; and Kosciusko's worn
With horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.
Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura ; nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they !
For over them was seen a free display
Of outspread wings, and from between them shone
The face of Poesy : from off her throne
She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell."

We conclude with earnestly recommending the work to all our readers. It is not without defects, which may be easily mentioned, and as easily rectified. The author, from his natural freedom of versification, at times passes to an absolute faultiness of measure :—This he should avoid. He should also abstain from the use of compound epithets as much as possible. He has a few of the faults which youth must have ;—he is apt occasionally to make his descriptions over-wrought,—But on the whole we never saw a book which had so little reason to plead youth as its excuse. The best poets of the day might not blush to own it.

We have had two Sonnets presented to us, which were written by Mr. Keats, and which are not printed in the present volume. We have great pleasure in giving them to the public,—as well on account of their own power and beauty, as of the grandeur of the subjects ; on which we have ourselves so often made observation.

To HAYDON, WITH A SONNET WRITTEN ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Forgive me, Haydon, that I cannot speak
Definitively on these mighty things.—
For give me that I have not eagle's wings,—
That what I want, I know not where to seek
And think that I would not be overmeek
In rolling out up-follow'd thunderings,
Even to the steep of Heliconian springs,
Were I of ample strength for such do freak.
Think too that all those numbers should be thine ;
Whose else ? In this who touch thy vesture's hem ?
For where men stared at what was most divine,
With browless idiotism—o'erweening phlegm :—
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperean shine
Of their star in the east, and gone to worship them.

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES.

My spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me, like unwilling sleep,—
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hard-ship, tells me I must die,
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep,
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim conceived glories of the brain,
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud ;
So do these wonders a'most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur, with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A Sun—a shadow of a magnitude

FROM DR. THOMSON'S ANNALS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Queries respecting the Probability of reaching from the Island of Spitzbergen the North Pole, by means of Rein Deer, during the Winter ; and answered by Persons who wintered there.—By Col. Beaufoy, F. R. S.

DEAR SIR, *Bushey Heath, Feb.* 11, 1817.

Some years past I was impressed with the idea of the possibility of reaching the North Pole from Spitzbergen during the winter by travelling over the ice and snow in sledges drawn by rein-deer. Therefore, with the view of determining how far this plan was practicable, I sent several queries, & requested answers to them from Russians who were at that time living at Archangel, and had wintered in those remote islands. Those queries, together with the answers, I take the liberty of transmitting to you, as I learn from conversation that the practicability of such a journey conducted in a similar manner is entertained by well-informed persons ; and, before a plan is put in execution, it is desirable to know what has been previously done on the same subject. If you should deem these queries worthy of a place in your Annals, I shall be flattered by their insertion. I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

MARK BEAUFOY.

I. Query.—How many settlements have the Russians on the Island of Spitzbergen, and which is the most northerly ?—A. There are neither settlements nor fixed inhabitants in Spitzbergen, except those fishermen who go there in quest of fish, and likewise of those animals from Megen, Archangel, Onega, Rala, and other places bordering the White Sea, in vessels from 60 to 160 tons. They sail from the above-mentioned places, those for the summer fishery in the beginning of June, and those for the winter in June and July. They arrive on the west side of Spitzbergen, and commonly return home, the former same year in September, and the latter the next year in August and September. They winter in the Gulphs of Devil Bay, Clock Bay, Ring Bay, German Island, Magdalene Bay, and to the northward in Liefde Bay, and others. The furthest north our fishermen ever have sailed to is Liefde Bay, and from thence in small boats as far as Nordoster Island.

2. Q.—At what time of the year does the winter commence?—A. The winter generally sets in about the latter end of September and beginning of October.

3. Q.—What quantity of snow do you suppose falls annually ; that is, to what depth on the ground ?—A. On even places the snow is from three to five feet deep ; but the winds drive it from place to place, so as sometimes to render all passage impracticable ; and on the coasts between the hills there are mountains of ice, occasioned by the pressure of the waters and drift of snow.

8. Q.—Is the cold ever so intense as to render going abroad dangerous?—A. The cold is never so severe as to hinder the fishermen, they being accustomed to it, from exposing themselves ; but sometimes the winds and drifts of snow confine them to their huts.

9. Q.—Admitting it to be so, by what exercise do the Russians keep off the scurvy ?—A. When the last mentioned weather is an obstacle to their leaving their huts, they keep off the scurvy by the exercise of throwing the snow from off and around their huts, which from stormy weather are often buried ; and in order to get out, they are then obliged to make a passage through the roof. They likewise oppose the distemper by making use of a particular sallad or herb, which grows there on stones, and with which they generally provide themselves in due time against winter ; but sometimes, from necessity, they are obliged to dig through the snow for it. Some of it they eat without any preparation, and part they scald with water, and drink the liquid. They also carry with them for the same purpose, as a preventive, a raspberry, called in Russia *moroshka*, which they preserve by baking with rye flour, which they eat ; and when pressed, drink the juice. They also take fir tops with them, which they boil ; and the water they drink as an antidote likewise against the scurvy.

10. Q.—In what manner are the huts constructed ?—A. The huts the people use they always take with them in their vessels, and on their arrival there put them together. They are constructed of thin boards, and in the same manner as the peasants' houses here. They likewise generally take bricks with them for building their stoves ; but when they fall short, clay found there is made use of in their stead. Their largest hut, which is erected in the neighbourhood of their vessels, &c. is from 20 to 25 feet square, and serves as a station and magazine : but those huts the men erect who go in quest of skins are only from seven to eight feet square, and in the autumn are carried along the shores in boats, and put up at distances from each other of 10 to 50 Russian versts. They take the necessary provisions with them for the whole winter to serve two or three men, as many generally occupying each hut.

11. Q.—What fuel have they, and in what manner are their huts heated ?—A. The fuel commonly used for heating their huts is wo[od] which they likewise bring with them in the vessels, and land at the station-hut. In autum[n] the necessary quantity for heating the afore[said] small huts is conveyed in boats, or on sledges hand sledges, to the destined places. They often meet with wood there too, thrown by the sea on the shores.

12. Q.—On what kinds of provisions do the Russians subsist during the winter?—A. The provisions they subsist on during the winter consist in rye flour (of which they make bread), salt beef, salt cod, and salted holybut, butter, oat and barley meal, curdled milk, peas, honey, linseed oil ; all which they bring to Spitzbergen with them, and divide the same proportionally by weight to each man. Their employers allow them provisions for one year and a half, besides which the fishermen kill wild lion deer in winter, and birds in summer, which are experienced to be excellent food, and very healthy.

13. Q.—Do they chiefly use spirituous or malt liquors?—A. They chiefly drink a liquor called *quas*, made from rye flour and water. Malt and spirituous liquors are entirely excluded and forbidden by their employers, to prevent drunkenness, as the Russians, when they had it, drunk so immoderately that work was often neglected entirely.

14. Q.—When in the open air how do they defend themselves?—A. They defend themselves from the rigour of the weather by a covering made of skin above which they wear another made of the skin of the rein deer, called *kushy*, and wear boots of the same.

15. Q.—Do they not use masks, and omit the practice of shaving?—A. They use no masks, nor do they shave ; but they wear a large warm cap, called *kauchy* which covers the whole head and neck, and most part of the face. They also wear gloves of sheep-skin.

17. Q.—How do they travel, at what rate, and how carry the necessary stock of provisions for their subsistence?—A. They travel on foot ; that is, on snow skaits, and draw their food after them in small hand sledges ; but those who bring dogs with them make use of the same. When travelling, snow is their drink. Horses, or rein-deer would be of no use to them for the conveyance of their provisions ; nor have they any.

19. Q.—Is not the ice so firmly consolidated as to render all passage across it from one island to the other perfectly safe during winter?—A. The ice at Spitzbergen is well consolidated ; and in some places the flakes run to a great height, one on another which makes even the passage on foot very difficult other places are quite smooth, 20 versts, where the ice is continually floating and drifting ; but travelling with horses or rein-deer is quite impossible.

20. Q. Is not the ice rendered smooth by the interstices being filled up with snow?—A. As before said, the ice is made smooth by the snow filling up the inequalities.

21. Q.—Does any danger arise either in crossing the land or the ice, from the drifting of the snow?—A. They do not journey in winter, as before mentioned, except to islands at trifling distances ; and a traveller is in much danger if surprised by a sudden gale of wind, accompanied by drifts of snow ; he is obliged to lie down, covering himself with his ——, and remain so secured till the hurricane is over ; but when it continues for any length of time, the poor wretch often perishes.

22. Q.—What degree of light is there in winter?—A. The fishermen do not know what the *degree* of light may be in winter ; indeed, they are ignorant of the meaning of the term : however, they may say from the latter end of October to the 12th January the sun does not appear above the horizon, which causes a continual darkness, and obliges them always to keep a light in their huts by burning train oil in lamps ; but as soon as the sun makes its appearance, the days increase very rapidly.

23. Q.—What difference does the absence of the moon occasion? Are the stars in general brilliant? Can you see to read when the moon under the horizon?—A. From the appearance of the moon in her 2nd quarter to her decline in the last, the nights are very luminous, and the stars extraordinarily light both day and night. In the gloom of winter the people keep time from the position of certain stars. When the moon is below the horizon, it is impossible to read.

24. Q.—Is the Aurora Borealis very brilliant ; and in what part of the horizon is it seen?—A. In the dark time of winter the Aurora Borealis is commonly seen most strong in the N. and appears very red and fiery.

25. Q.—Does it appear possible to cross the ice winter to the North Pole? If it does not, what are the obstacles?—A. The likelihood of a passage to the North Pole does not seem probable to the fishermen, as they have not had an opportunity to attempt it ; and from their observations, think all passage impossible, as the mountains of ice appear monstrously large and lofty. Some of the ice is continually drifting about ; so that in many places water is discerned. Those who have been on the most elevated parts of Nordoster Island declare that, as far as it is visible, open water is only seen ; but to what distance it may continue so, it is impossible for them to ascertain, as an attempt for the discovery has never been made ; but seemingly it is practicable to bring the fuel and provisions in vessels to the Nordeater Island.

26. Q.—If the passage should be deemed practicable in what manner should it be attempted? and what means of conveying fuel and provisions, appear to be the best?—A. As the fishermen think all passage impracticable, it is not in their power to give any answer to this demand.

28. Q.—What number of persons and rein-deer, or of dogs, would be requisite for conveying huts?—A. From the mountains of ice and great falls of snow, neither dogs nor rein-deer would be able to draw loads ; for the fishermen themselves, to be as light as possible, go on snow skaits.

30. Q.—Are there any persons in Archangel who have formerly resided in Spitzbergen who would engage in the business? and are there any who would be willing, in company with two Englishmen, to attempt on this plan a passage to the North Pole? —A. As there are not, nor ever were, any natives of Spitzbergen, none therefore can be resident in Archangel : however, many men may be met with here who have wintered there ; but as they have never made an attempt to go to the Pole, they cannot understand the conduct of the business. Notwithstanding if an Englishman should determine on the endeavour, some people might be met with who would perhaps, with an English ship's company, engage themselves.

31. Q.—In the spring, have flights of birds ever been observed to direct their course N. of Spitzbergen?—A. *It has been always experienced by those who have been at the most northerly parts of Spitzbergen that in the spring* [another account says, in the beginning of winter] *a great number of wild geese, ducks and other birds, take their flight further north.*

BOMBAY.—PRINTED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, BY M. D. CRUZ, IN BAKE-HOUSE LANE,

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